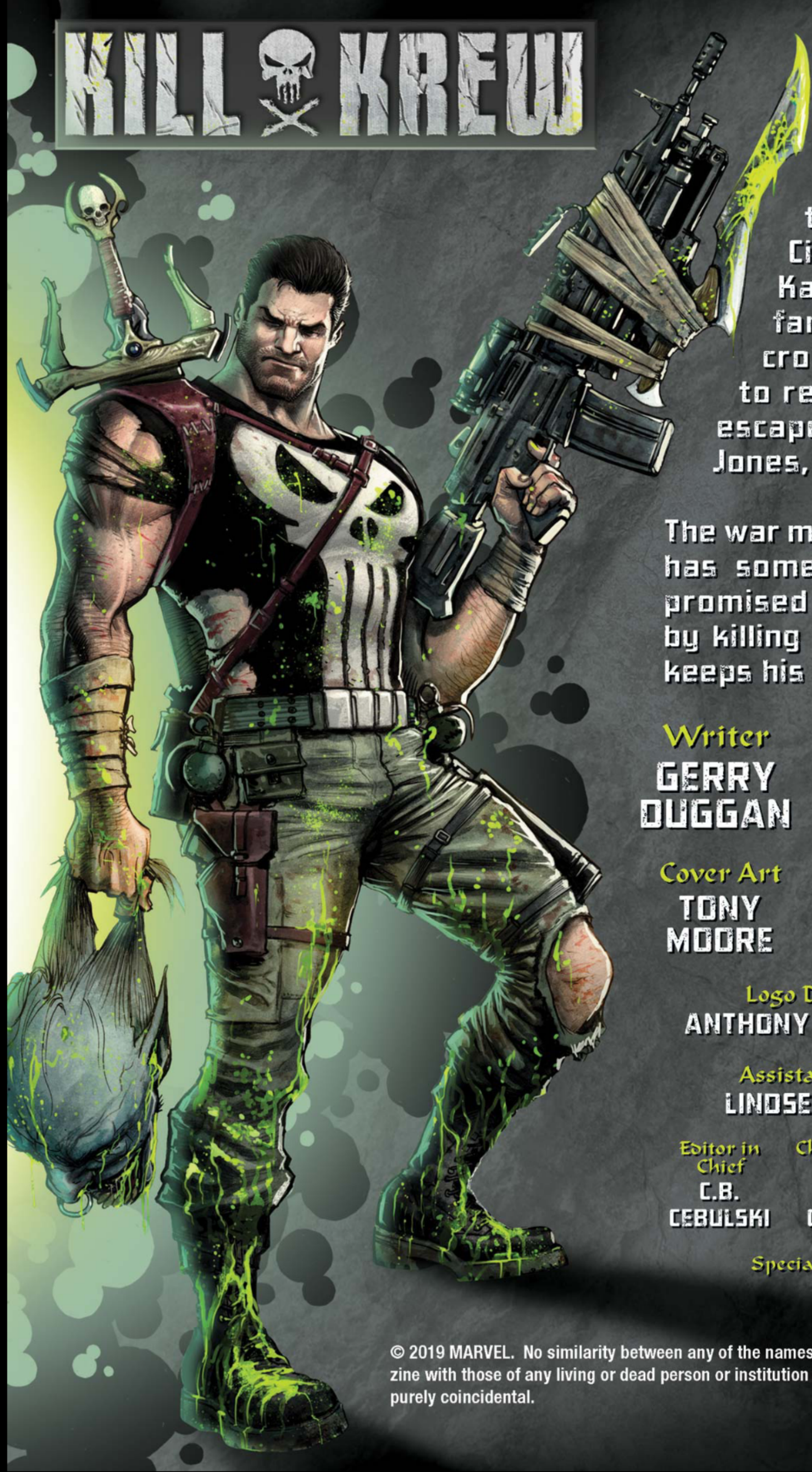
MARVEL
1
GERRY DUGGAN
JUAN FERREYRA
PUNISHER
KILL KREW
PARENTAL ADVISORY

Frank Castle was a decorated marine, an upstanding citizen, and a family man. Then his family was taken from him when they were accidentally killed in a brutal mob hit. From that day, he became a force of cold, calculated retribution and vigilantism. Frank Castle died with his family. Now, there is only...

PUNISHER

KILL KREW



The War of the Realms came to Earth and spread across the globe. Frank Castle, known by many as the Punisher, was on the streets in New York City battling the Frost Giant Kasyckla when an innocent family got caught in the crossfire. While Frank tried to rescue the family, Kasyckla escaped. Only the father, Frank Jones, survived.

The war may be over, but Frank Castle has some unfinished business: He promised to avenge Jones' family by killing Kasyckla, and Frank Castle keeps his promises.

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Special thanks to DECLAN DUGGAN

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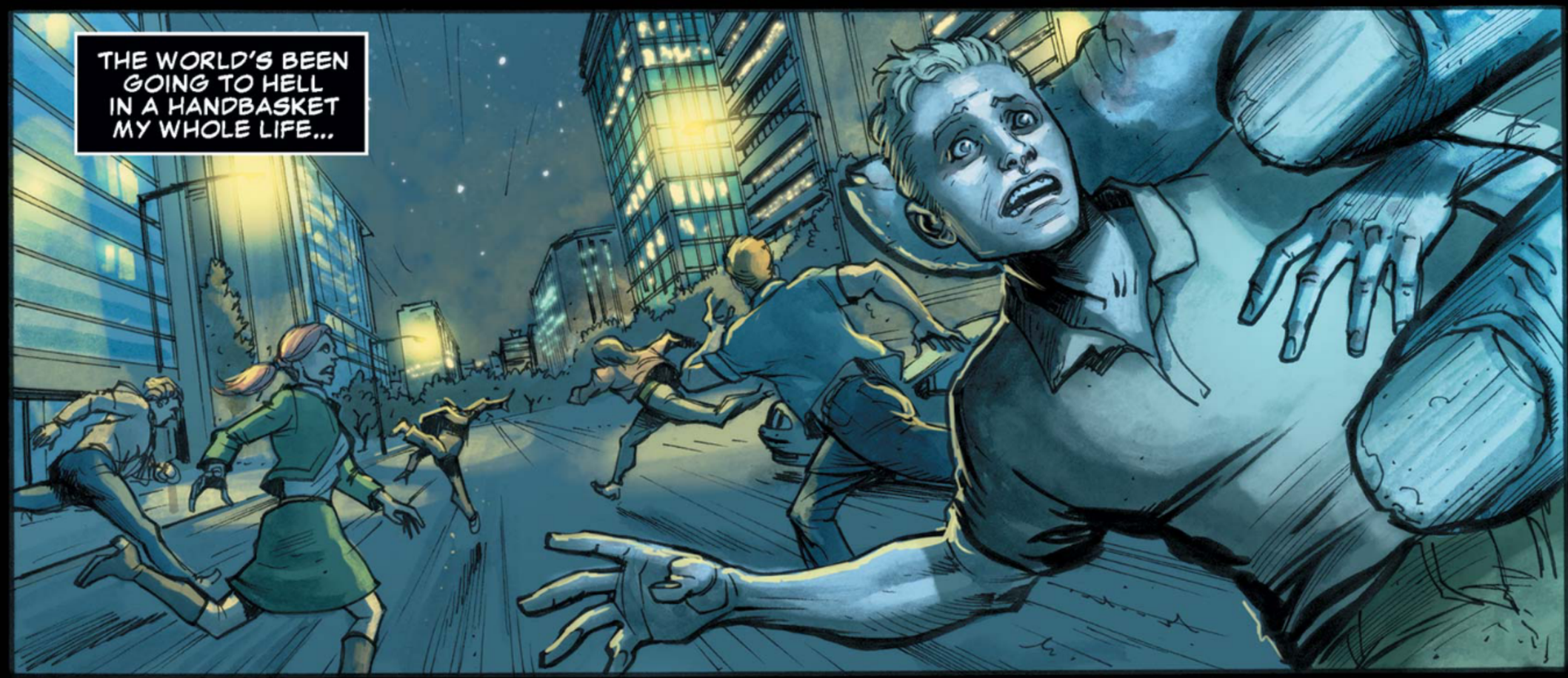
PUNISHER WAR JOURNAL: IT ALL BEGAN NOT LONG AGO ON A SUMMER EVENING...

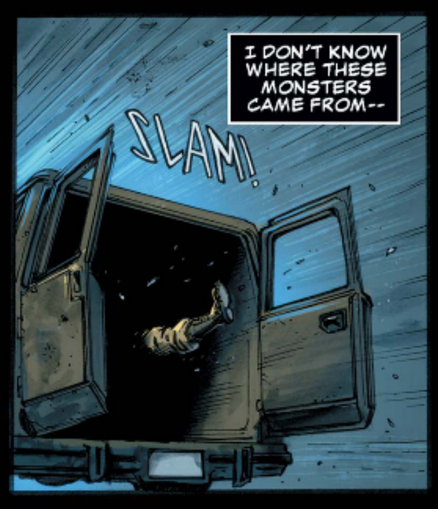

THE WORLD'S BEEN GOING TO HELL IN A HANDBASKET MY WHOLE LIFE...

...BUT NOT LIKE THIS.

RRAAARGH!
KRAK!
VROOOOOM!!!

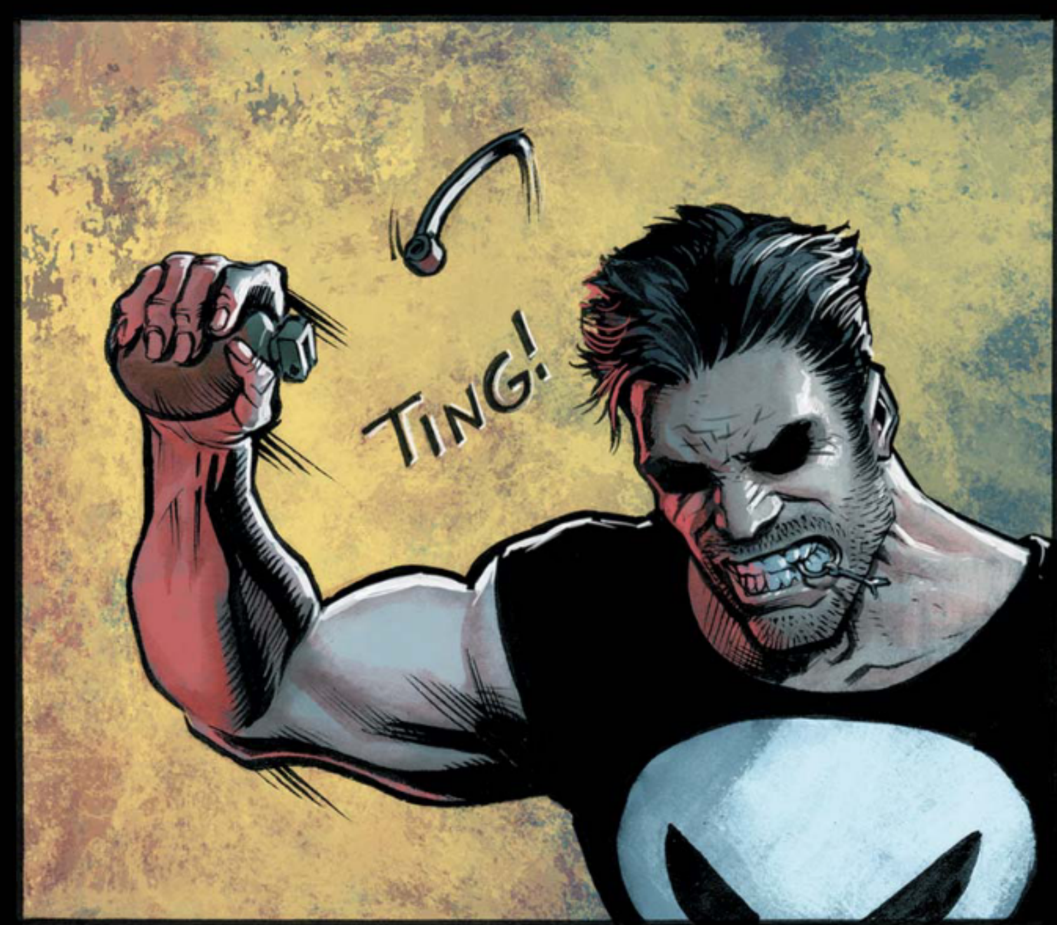
FORTUNATELY, I WAS ON PATROL THAT NIGHT.
SKREEEEEEE!!!
I WAS SURVEILLING THE D'ANGELOS AND PIVOTED TO SEARCH AND DESTROY.

MY BOOTS WERE ON THE GROUND WHEN THEY ARRIVED.
BLAM!


I DON'T KNOW WHERE THESE MONSTERS CAME FROM--
SLAM!

--BUT THEY'VE COME TO NEW YORK TO DIE.
PUNISHER KILL KREW:
A WAR STORY

BRAKA BRAKA BRAKA BRAKA BRAKA

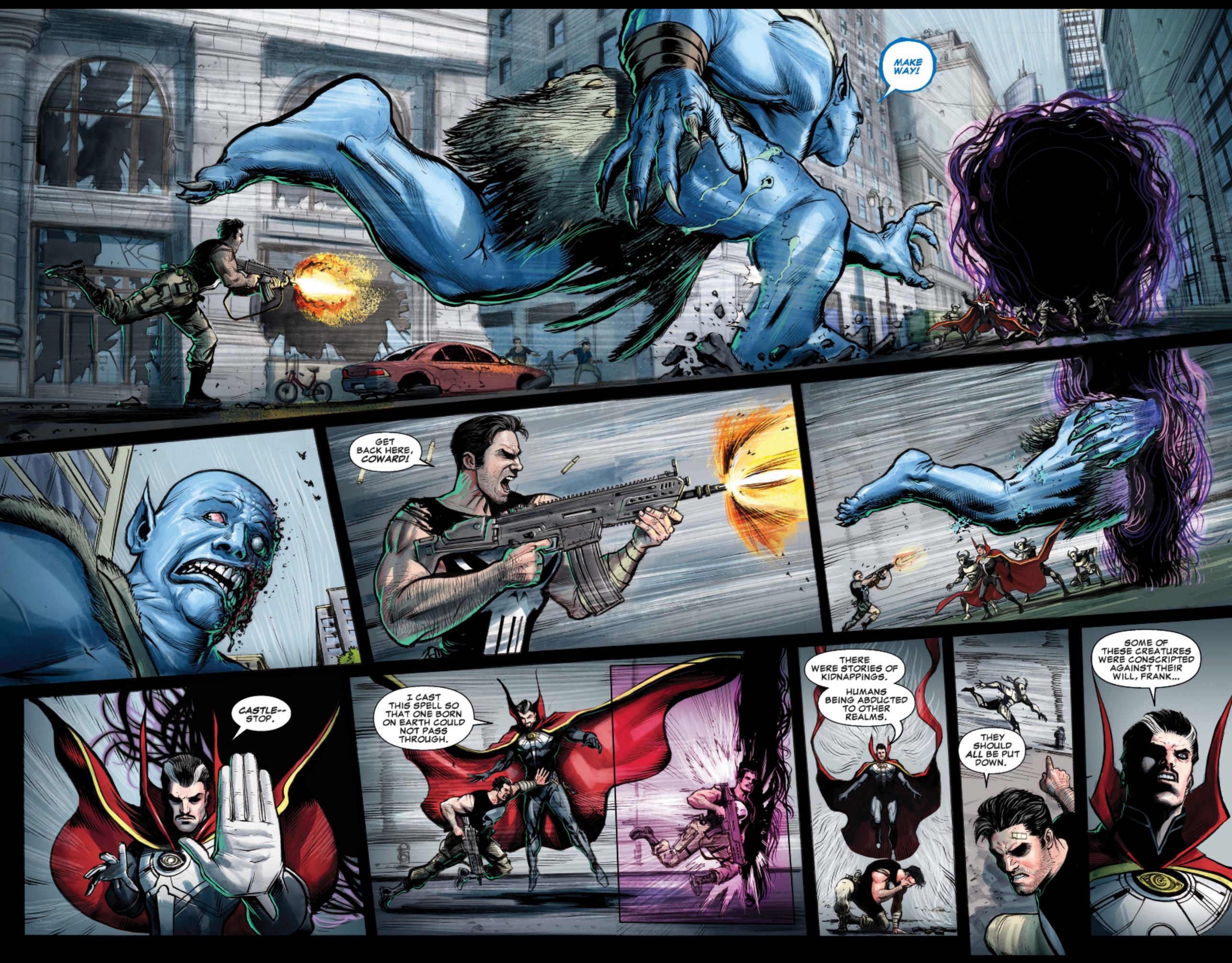

TING!

BY THE TIME I ENGAGED MY FIRST TROLL I'D SEEN TOO MANY CIVILIANS DIE.

UHMM...

BUT I COULDN'T SAVE EVERYONE.

I COULDN'T HELP THE JONES FAMILY.
I TRIED LIKE HELL TO GET THEM OUT.
I MADE A PROMISE TO THE ONE I SAVED.
I'LL FIND THAT MONSTER... AND I'LL KILL IT.
I HAD MY OWN RUN-IN WITH THAT FROST GIANT BEFORE IT KILLED HIS WIFE AND KID. SO THIS ONE IS ON ME.
FIRST THING I HAD TO DO WAS STOP THE INVASION.
THEN I STARTED HUNTING KASYCKLA.


MAKE WAY!
GET BACK HERE, COWARD!
CASTLE-- STOP.
I CAST THIS SPELL SO THAT ONE BORN ON EARTH COULD NOT PASS THROUGH.
THERE WERE STORIES OF KIDNAPPINGS.
HUMANS BEING ABDUCTED TO OTHER REALMS.
THEY SHOULD ALL BE PUT DOWN.
SOME OF THESE CREATURES WERE CONSCRIPTED AGAINST THEIR WILL, FRANK...

"...I'LL LEAVE THE *MONSTERS* TO YOU."

THE PRESENT.

KASYCKLA MADE IT OFF EARTH, JONES.

HE'S DEAD AS SOON AS I SORT OUT HOW TO TREK ALL THE WAY TO JOTUNHEIM.

I KNOW YOU DID YOUR BEST, FRANK.

I NEED TO INTRODUCE YOU TO SOME NEW FRIENDS.

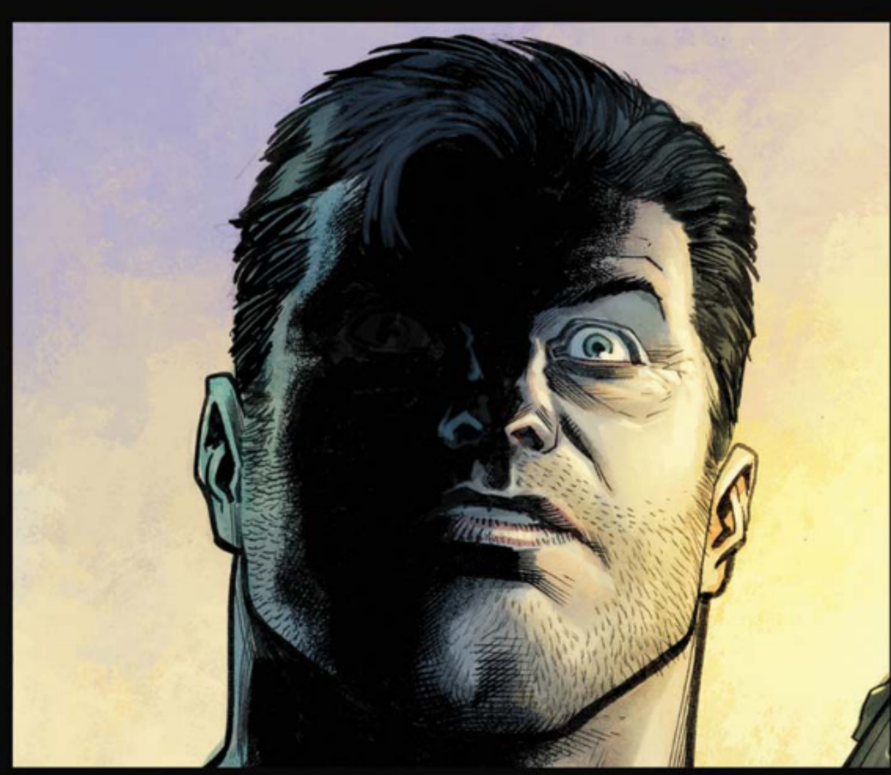
I DON'T WANT TO MEET ANY FRIENDS, JONES.

THEY ALL WONDER WHO WILL HELP THEM FIND JUSTICE.

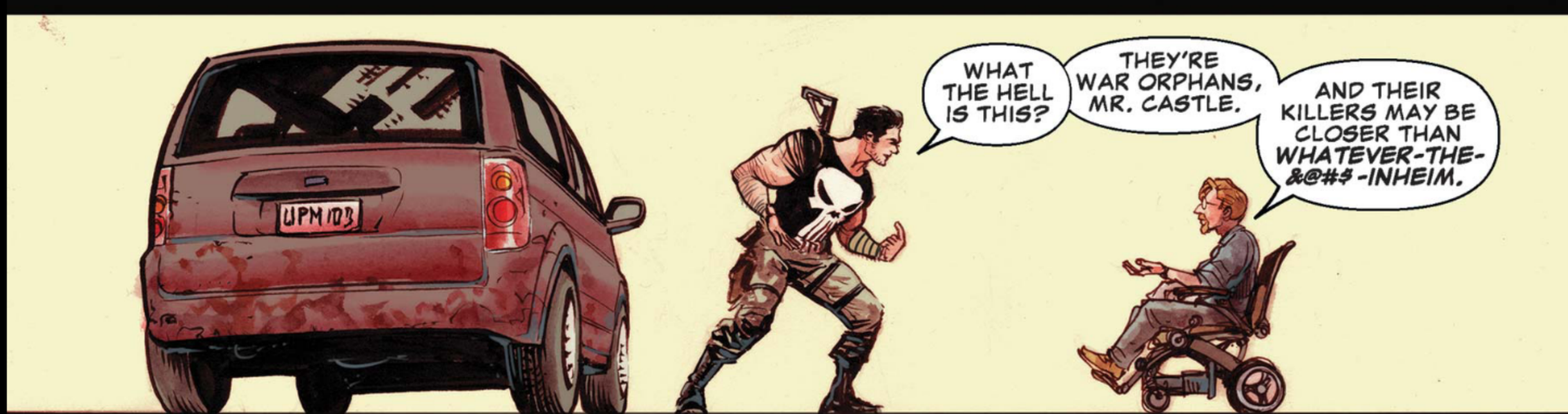
CLIC!

I TOLD THEM I KNEW A MAN WHO COULD HELP.

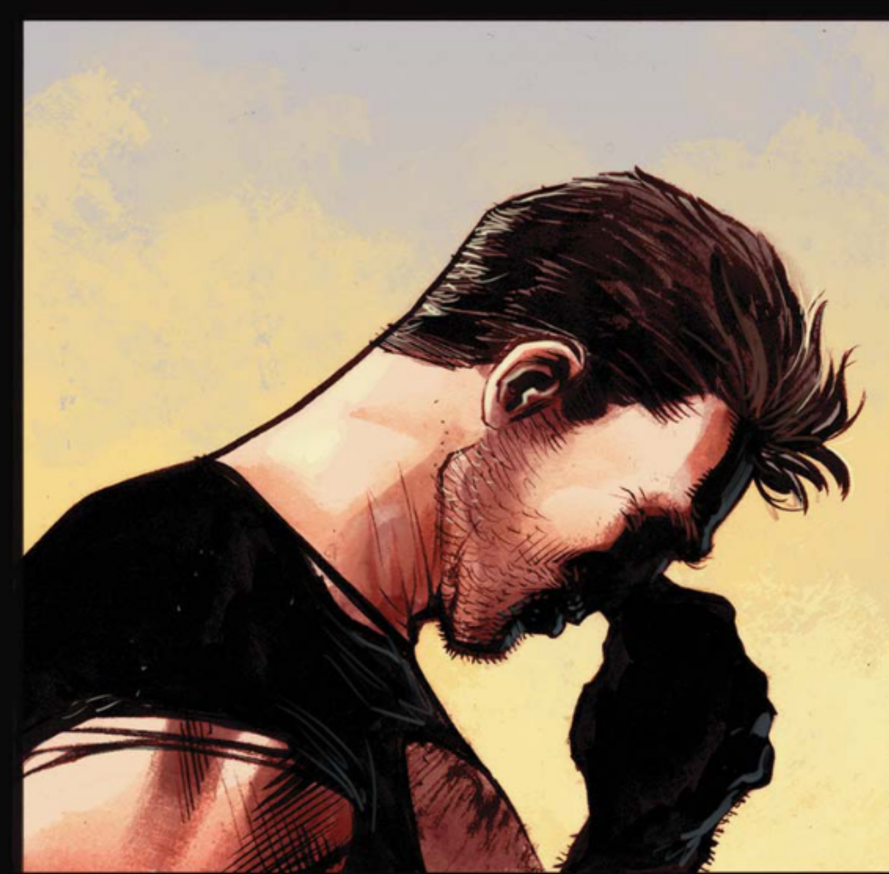
OLI!



MR. JONES WILL BE RIGHT BACK.
CLAK!!

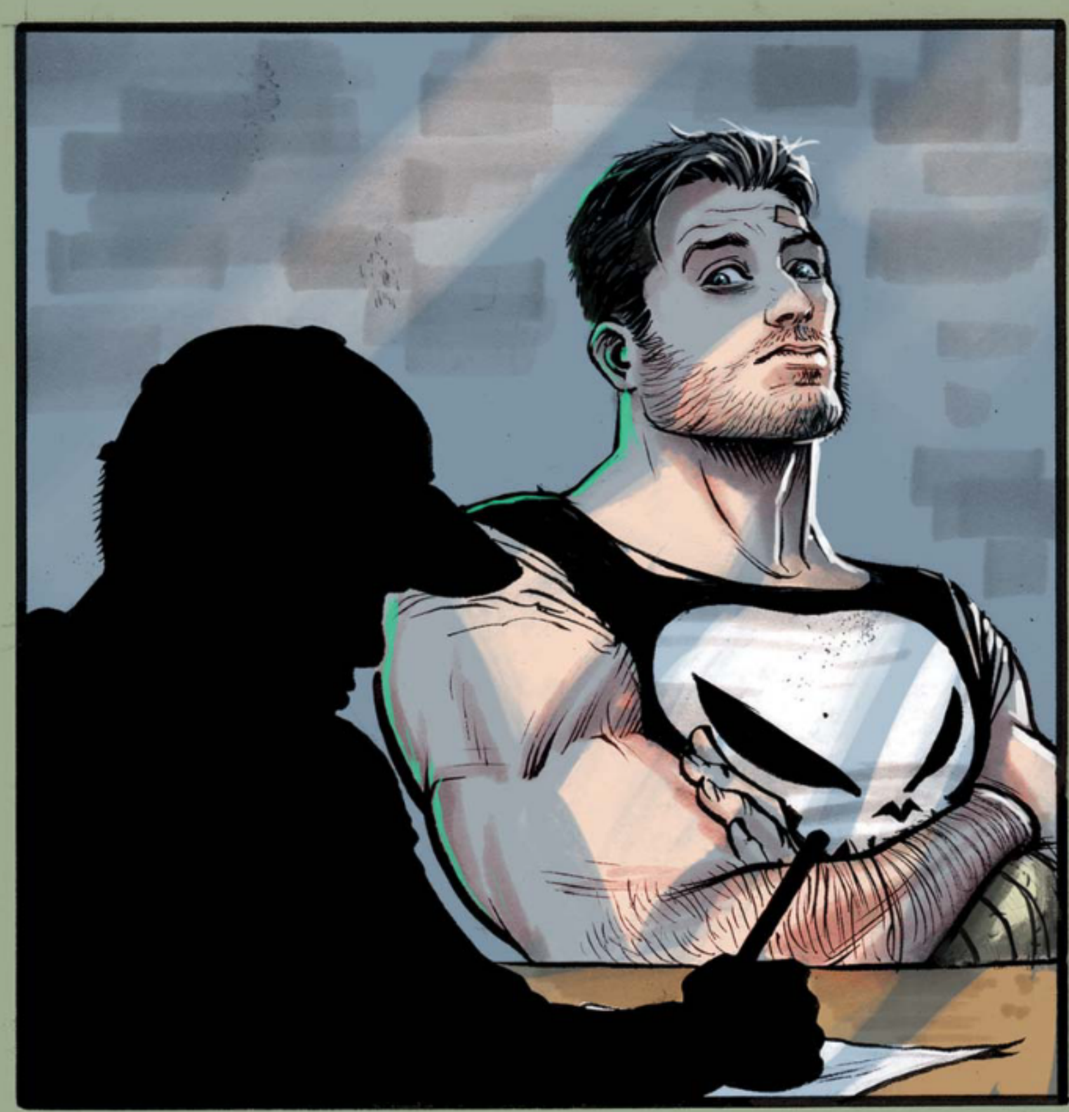

WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?
THEY'RE WAR ORPHANS, MR. CASTLE.
AND THEIR KILLERS MAY BE CLOSER THAN WHATEVER-THE-&@#$-INHEIM.

I'M HUNGRY.
CAN WE EAT PIZZA?
I GOTTA PEE.



JEFF
ONE WAY
PIZZA

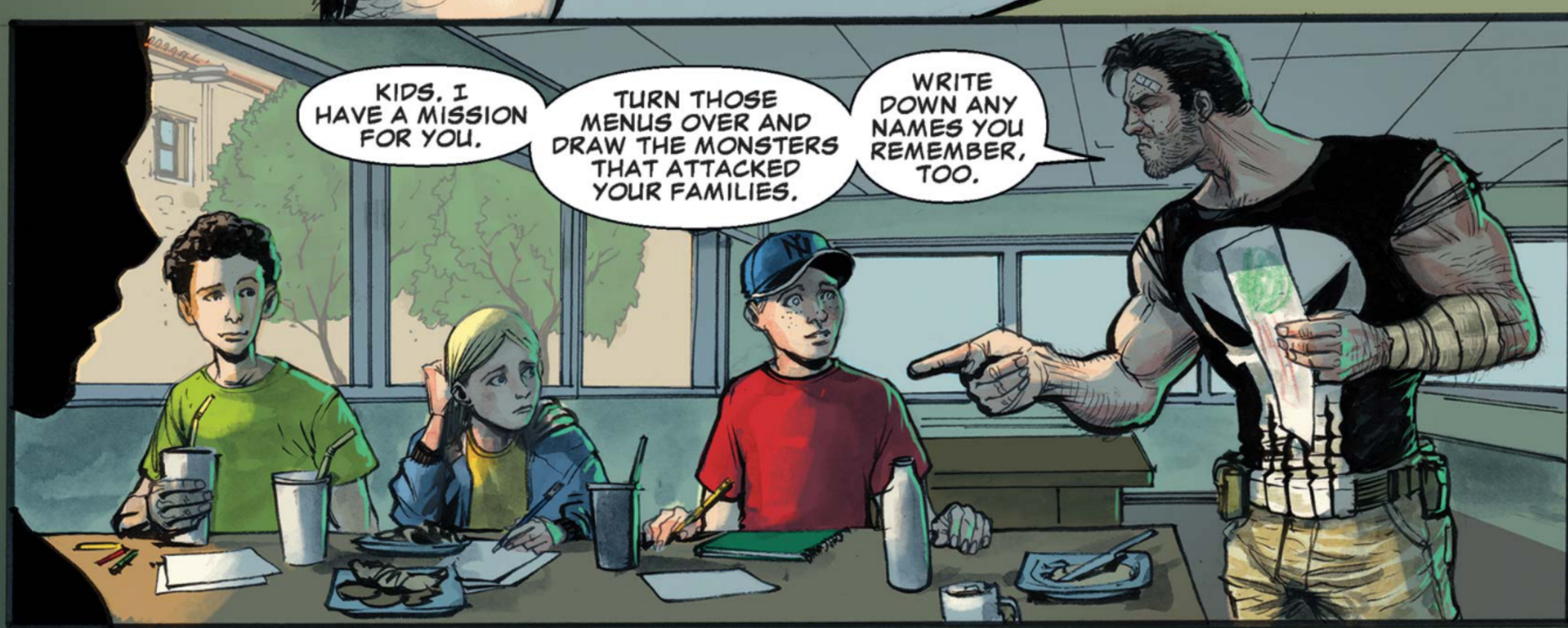
WHEN A KID WITH DEAD PARENTS ASKS YOU FOR PIZZA, YOU OBLIGE.
WC
MENU

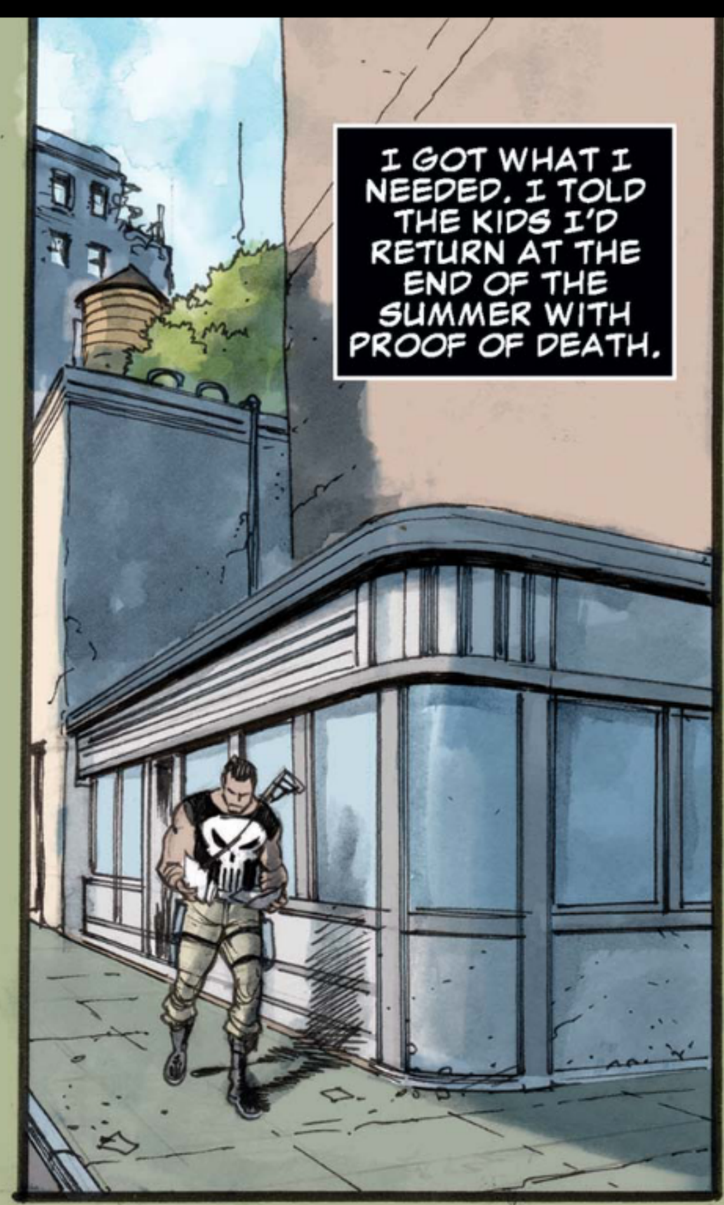


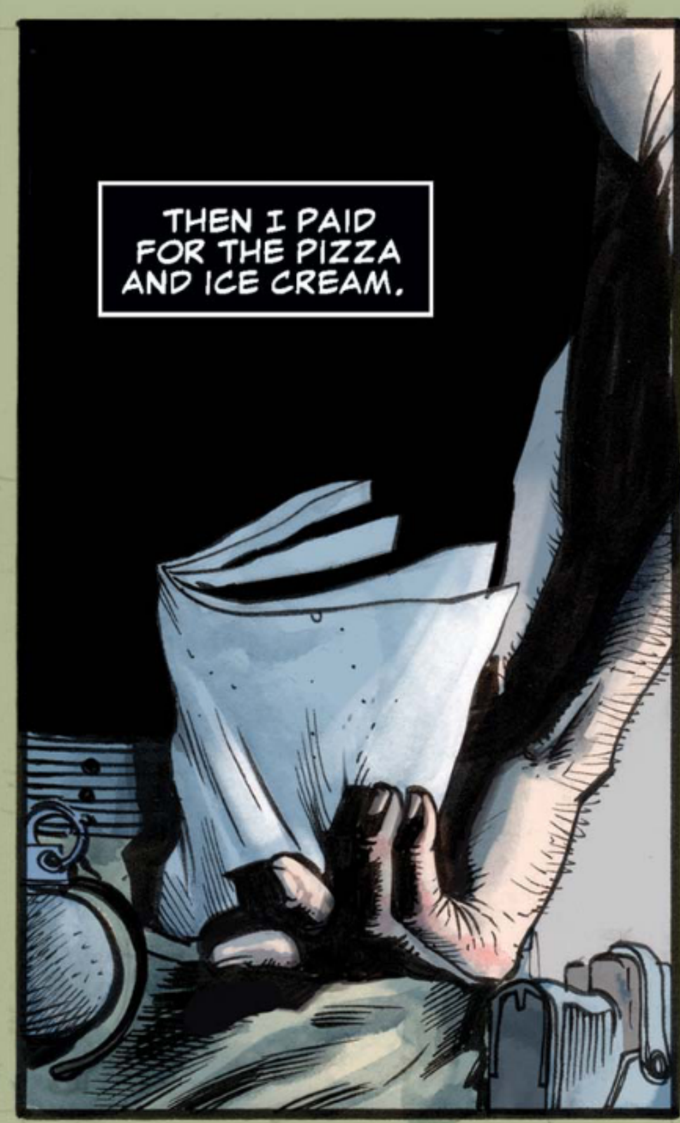
THIS IS THE ONE THAT GOT MY FAMILY.

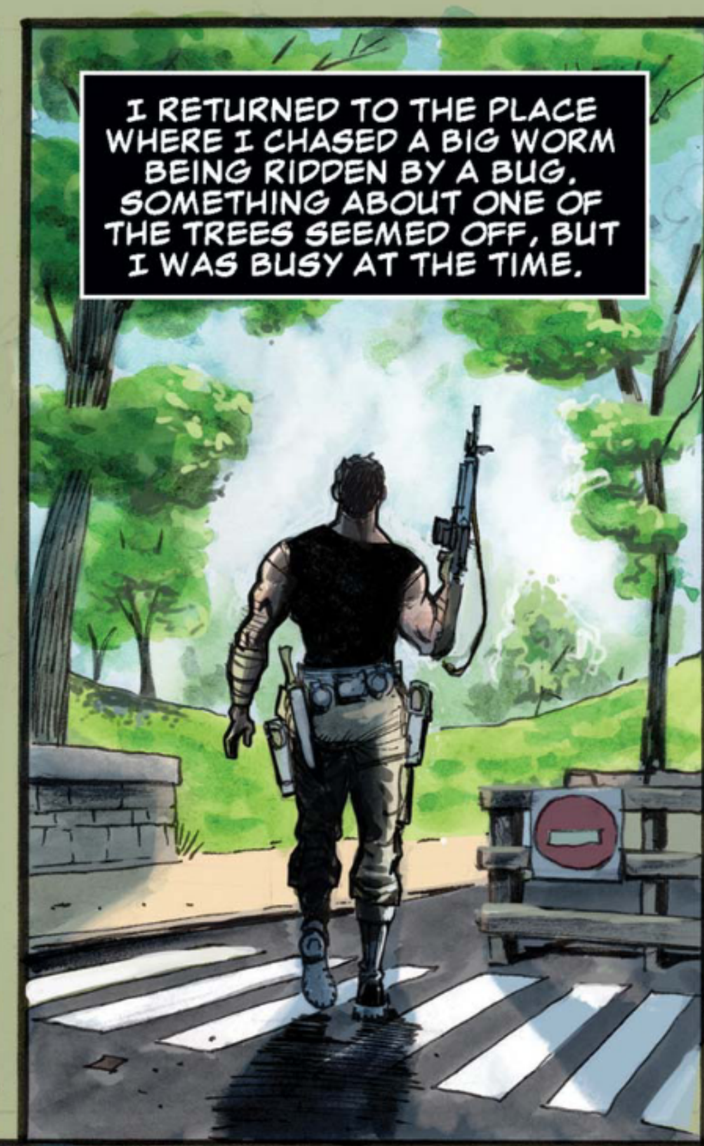
I THOUGHT I SAW EVERYTHING THAT CAME OUT OF THE PORTALS.

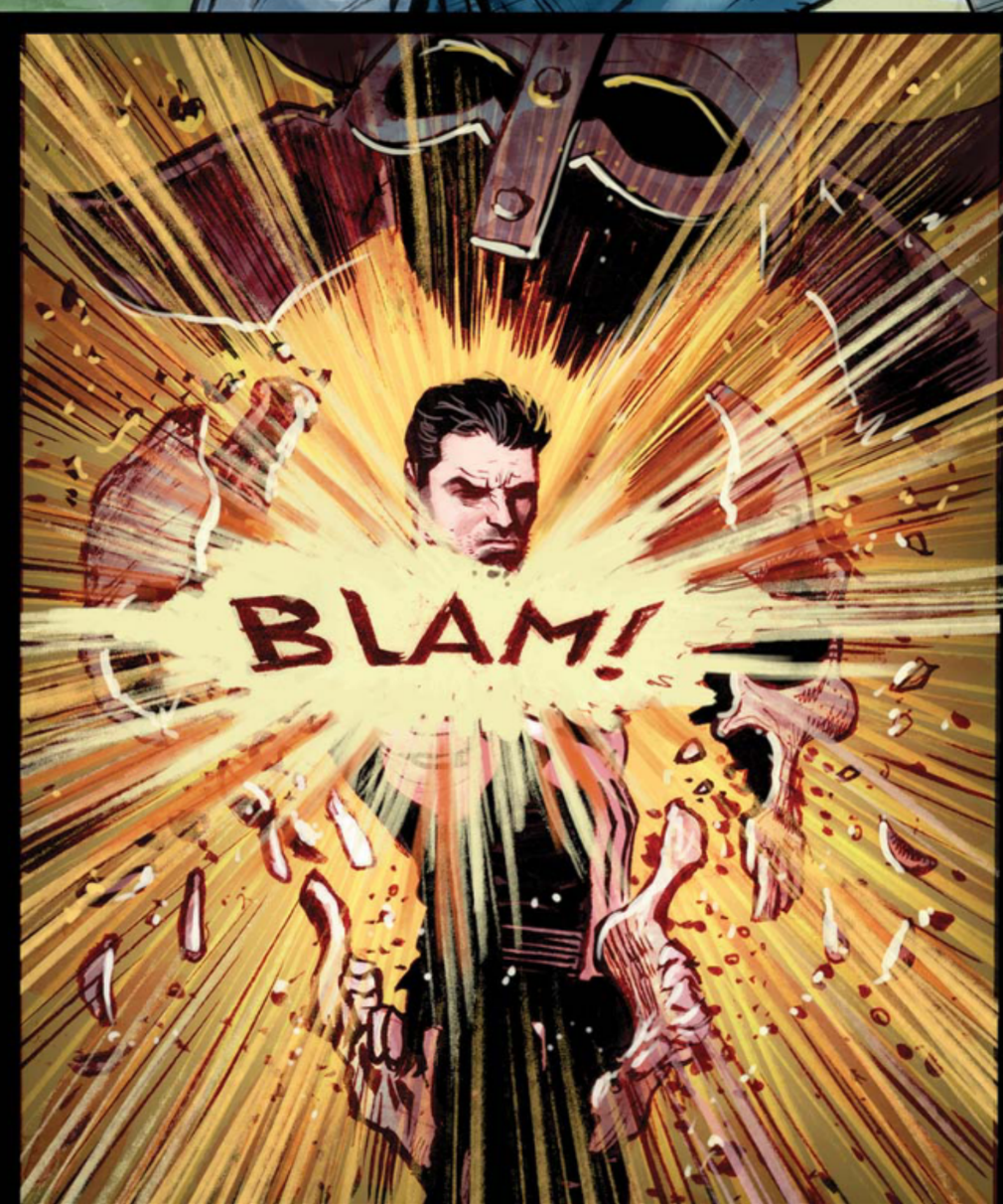
GUESS I WAS WRONG.




I GOT WHAT I NEEDED. I TOLD THE KIDS I'D RETURN AT THE END OF THE SUMMER WITH PROOF OF DEATH.


THEN I PAID FOR THE PIZZA AND ICE CREAM.


I RETURNED TO THE PLACE WHERE I CHASED A BIG WORM BEING RIDDEN BY A BUG. SOMETHING ABOUT ONE OF THE TREES SEEMED OFF, BUT I WAS BUSY AT THE TIME.


BLAM!

HRR?

WHOA--!

BLAMM BLAMM
EAT THIS.
BAROOM
TH-THANKS, MISTER.
I'VE BEEN USING YOU AS A STALKING HORSE FOR TEN MINUTES TO FIND THIS TREE.
DID YOU NOT SEE THE "CURB YOUR DOG" SIGNS A COUPLE HUNDRED YARDS BACK?
MY BAD. I'LL GRAB IT.

STAN'S SOAPBOX · FEBRUARY 1969

STAN'S SOAPBOX

Okay, students! The subject of today's swingin' seminar will be "Where Do You Nuts Get Your Ideas?" That question is asked of Yours Truly at lectures, interviews, and bull sessions more often than any other. So, let's kick it around for Marveldom Assembled. The point is, ideas are no problem. Here in the Bullpen, we can't talk to each other for five minutes without coming up with a zillion new thoughts and angles. The big hangup is getting the time to develop the ideas . . . to polish them, and refine them until we feel they'll have maximum impact — until we know they'll be an integral part of the ubiquitous Marvel universe! Everyone has ideas — you, I, the gang in the mailroom — even our competitors, bless 'em. What really counts is what you DO with them. We believe that almost any idea can be worthwhile, if it's presented with integrity, taste, and imagination. For, an idea is like a guitar — it doesn't mean a thing unless you know how to use it! Excelsior.

Smiley

artwork of Happy HOWARD PURCELL can be? Since he's taken over the Watcher yarn which rounds out our spellbinding SILVER SURFER mag, we wonder how we ever got along without him! Howie still teaches art in his spare time, so poor Smiley has to think twice before trying to make like an editor! And, by the way, no matter how you slice it, THE SILVER SURFER is probably the biggest smash hit in comic mag publishing since the still-supreme F.F. — just as you knew it would be!

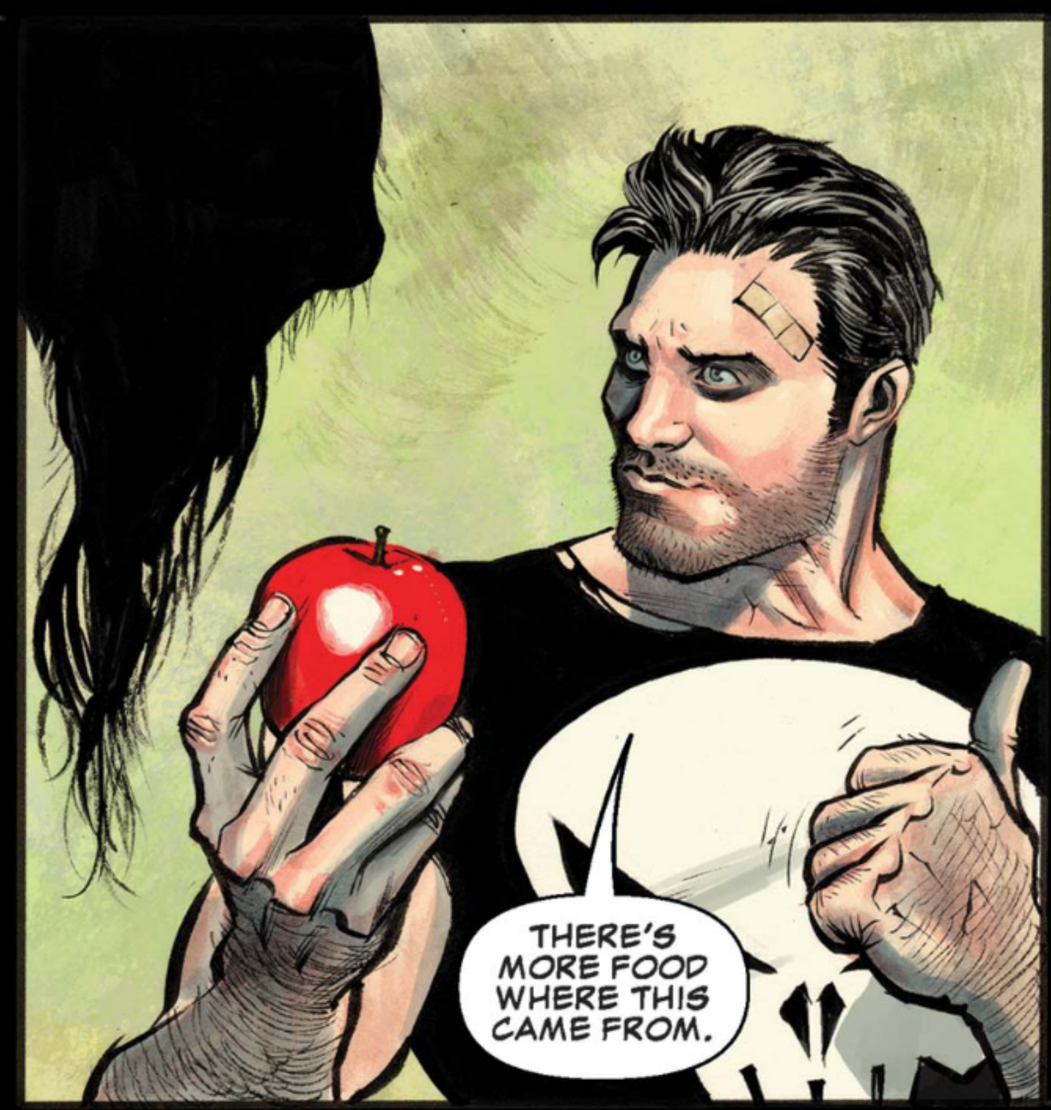
STAN LEE
FOREVER

SANCTUM SANCTORUM.
GREENWICH VILLAGE.
SORRY, BUT THIS IS A RED ZONE AND THERE'S A HYDRANT, SO...

I NEED YOUR HELP.

TICKET

THE WAR'S NOT OVER, YOU OLD BASTARD.
HOW MUCH WEIGHT CAN YOU PULL?


THERE'S MORE FOOD WHERE THIS CAME FROM.

ATTABOY.

PUNISHER WAR JOURNAL: MY PURSUIT OF THE FROST GIANT KASYCKLA HAS GOTTEN MORE COMPLICATED BY THE WAR ORPHANS OF NEW YORK CITY--

--BUT NOBODY ON MY HIT LIST IS GOING TO ESCAPE.

NEXT MONTH: